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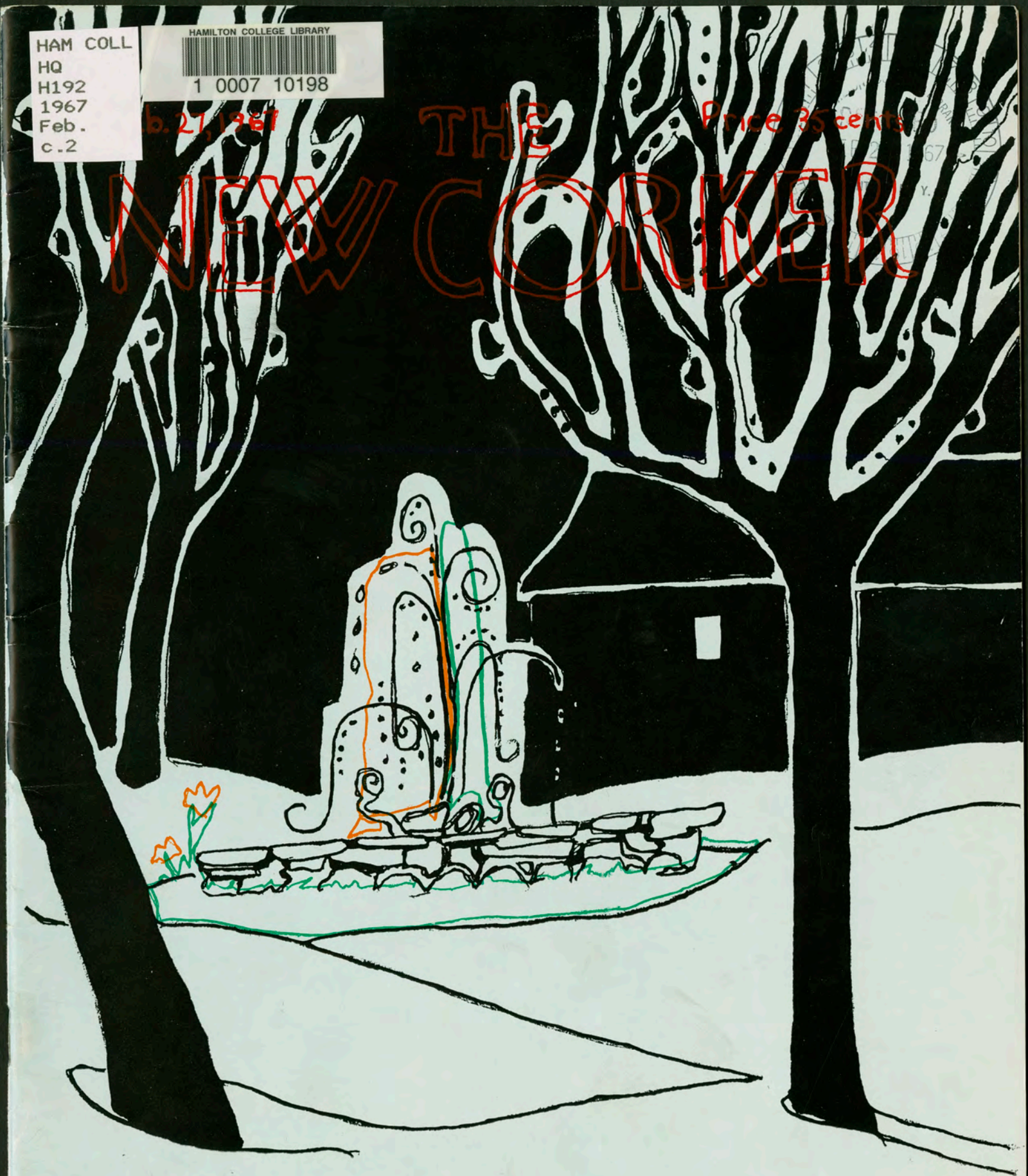
# THE NEW YORKER



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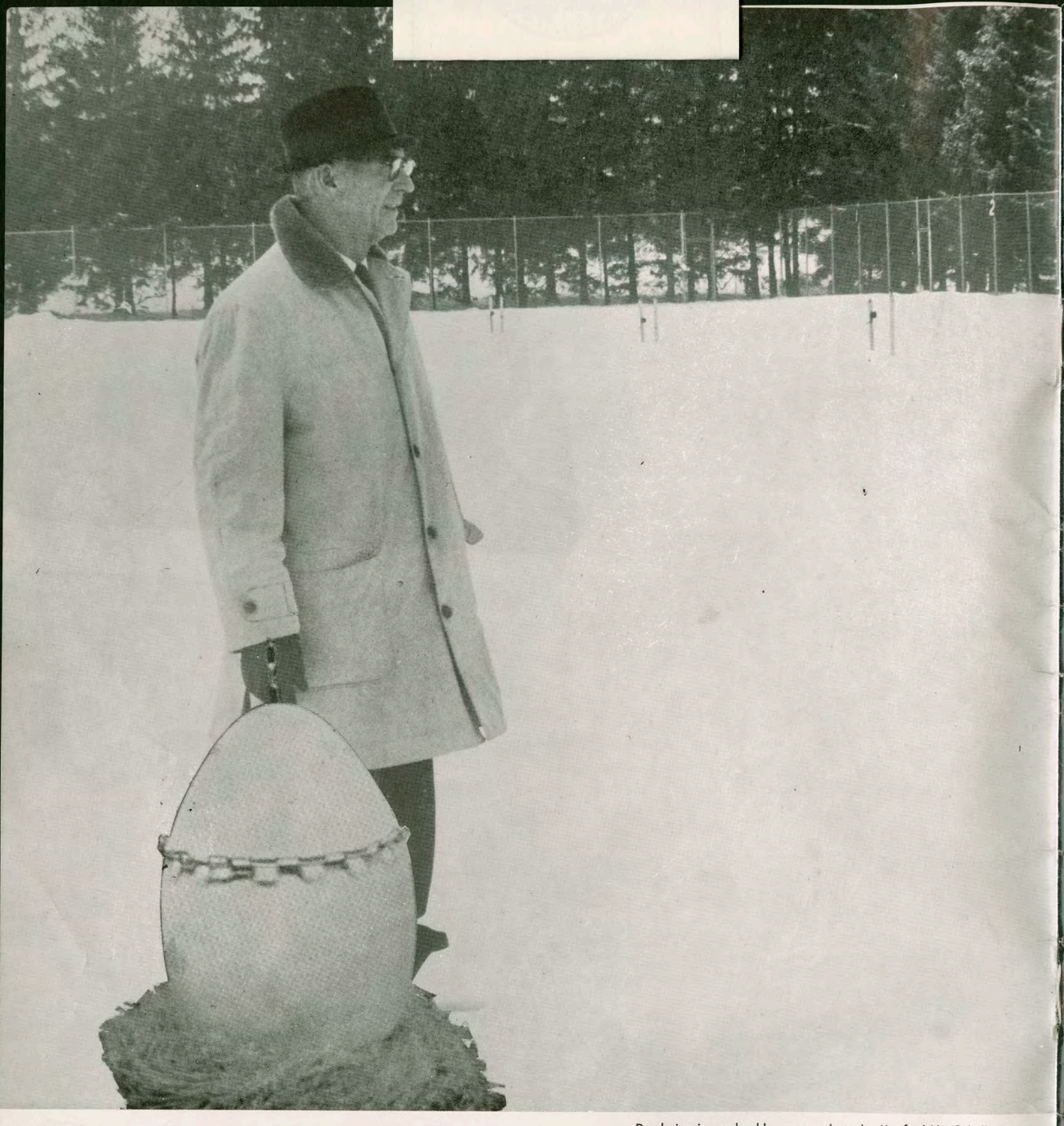

Pondering imponderables --- photo by Manfred VonSchuller

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATER

(N. and S. mean North and South of the Rock)

### Plays

**Don't Eat the Macaroni Salad** — Fun and games in a well-known dining facility beyond the reach of the Health Department, unexpectedly invaded by an Italian family from Utica. Some fairly droll business, especially in the finale, when 143 gagging freshmen seek aid in the Health Center, all claiming to have choked on "a thick gold ring." Pleasant, if sometimes indigestible faire, put together by Hun Kennedy and Marshall Hummock and featurng Mrs. Contra Summa in the lead role. (Vulgar Hall, N. of the tree line. Daily — morning, noon and night.)

**A Delicate Balance** — Artful Jones on the difficulty of being a neighbor's keeper in a liberal arts college. William Earnsome and Gadley DePuke lead the players. (The Back Room. No definite schedule, but inevitably at night. Attendance by invitation only.)

**The Two Faces of Stretch** is successfully transformed into a hilarious, if sometimes bewildering farce about a college dean's attempt to lead his tradition-bound institution back to the Middle Ages. The plot is further complicated by his attempts to befriend everyone yet really no one at the same time. Surprising performances are added by teen idol Dean Troll and old-time second banana Chicken Coup. (Administrative Repertory Theater, S. Guano.)

### Musicals

**At the Drop of a Frisbee** — A lively musical review staged starchly by the Turkland repertory group. There is very little story here, but this good natured romp about life in an upstate New York tenement is carried over by its great sound effects and the lively dancing of a diverse and colorful cast. (Here, there and everywhere. Performances given at the whim of the cast.)

**I Do! I Do!** — The story of the ups and downs of married life at a small, venerable liberal arts college for men. The cast is drawn anew each season from the Hamstud Repertory Company. (Passion Pit)

**Slime** — Keith Mostoffi is perfection in the title role of this oozing musicade. His monologue on the Mongolian Basket Inversion and his espousal of the Nameless Perversion are Chaucerian in execution, and the audience is turned into a toe-tapping montage by songs like "Run for the Roundhouse Nellie — He Can't Corner You There" and "Let Me Call You Hinges Because You're Something to Adore." Nights of the full moon in the men's room of the 57th St. IRT station.

**Mickey Mouse** — Winner of the Broadway Theatre Ticket League's award for attracting the highest number of women's theatre clubs from Scarsdale, this tunefest is totally mindless and a must-see. One cannot remember any of the performers or songs more than a half-hour after the show's end but it keeps the DAR off the streets. Expensive matinees only at the Willie Sutton

### Ballet and Dance Programs

**The Clinton Town Ballet** — Tentative schedule. March 7-14, "The Ritual Corn God's Herring Sacrifice." March 15-22, "The Festival of the Cow Pie." March 23-30, "Ignorance and Flacidity." March 31 - April 6, "Hymn to the Volunteer Fire Department and Wednesday Night Canasta Society." (All performances begin 8:30 P.M., Ford's Market and Theatre, please use rear delivery entrance.)

### Miscellany

**Career's Conference** — Entrepreneur Ronnie Lumox is responsible for this occasionally amusing, but unfortunately disorganized musical festival adapted from the flight plans of Mohawk Airlines on April 14, 1966. Incidental music, sounding surprisingly like the braying of asses, is provided by the Business Community Chorus. (Around the Quad. Limited engagement. Closed for 66-67 season; programs, however, copied on the Liverwurst Memorial Xerox Machine, may be acquired from Lumox's office.)

A DUBIOUS CALENDAR
OF HORRENDOUS HAPPENINGS

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 1 | 23 2 | 24 3 | 25 4 |

## NIGHT LIFE

### Dinner, Supper, and Dancing

**Holland Farms** — Peaceful pursuits are the sole concern of the Clinton Central crowd which inhabits the dance floor of College Street's most lively apres — algebra dining spot. The music comes from the Super Shell cluster of mechanics, who are there from nine to six every day.

**Trinkaus Manor** — As Pearly a gate as can be found to heaven, and one already halfway there, as the devout will discover when they visit the Our Lady of Trinkaus Shrine directly behind the Copper Cross room. Zarathustra, still in a voice deep enough to be spokesman for Vaughn Monroe, calls to order a band that still remembers Chubby Checker as well as Guy Lombardo. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday — it's all the same. Dress is Baptismal.

**Alteri's** — How to get into the public domain. The appropriate atmosphere is provided by the authentic early Italian-American provincial trappings. Italian cuisine just like Barbara Fritchie used to make plus the music of Luago Luigi and his Spirit of '76 Quartet add up to Clinton's most sophisticated dining places.

**The Alexandria Inn** — Watering hole for Central New York's noveau riche. Relief from rampant boorishness comes in the form of Hamilton College's own Ted Fizzle, working from behind the Bar. Nothing disturbs the leisure dinnertime contemplation except AD feet on the tables. Nightly entertainment is provided by bankers from adjacent communities.

### Small and Bouncy

**Albert's,** Caz — Small town friendliness and warmth are afforded by smiling bartender Eddie the Butcher. Weekends bring an opportunity for being hustled by local bowling star Gomer Hickly.


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THE NEW CORKER
CLINTON, N.Y.

**The Colony,** Caz — The place to be once you've had your ten second fill of Albert's.

**The Hub,** Beyond the Fringe — Lively is the word for this Utica night spot. Vince Gigli entertains nightly until one, when the Utica Vice Squad takes over. Open til closing, which could be any time.

**The Shamrock,** way down on the Hill — The swinging is not of the garden gate kind. The action centers around Mike and Tina, whose houseparty banter begins at sunup and ends at two, when the patrons are quietly shuffled out the door with a sweet, subtle "Get the hell out." Intellectuals are welcome anytime, as conversation in the Alsatian Bar is liable to range from pie crust to snow tires and back again. The Xanadu Billiard Room is the scene for the earthy masculine set, a mixed crowd of local merchants and horticulturists who play stylishly every night till closing.

### Small and Serene

**Hamilton College Weight Room** — The atmosphere is convivial and the grunts relaxing at this intimate trysting place. The decor is baroque jock and the ceremonies commence weekday mornings.

**The Towers** — Bruce Blandford, who has a great deal to say, most of which we have heard before, is the host. Always the chance of a visit from his friend, Michael Languid, and then the sparks do fly. There is likewise a largesse of dance tunes softly played by Yeager's Eight.

### Big and Brassy

**The East Village Awful** — Saturdays and Sundays bring happenings to this Bohemian tourist trap. Comprising recent productions have been the immersion of a teenage albino into liquid chocolate and the demolition of a World War I Fokker by spitballs. On Sunday a live chicken will bite the head off Watson Bosler.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Deke Halloween Party** — Perry Scaffold's peachy keen apple dunking gala has no equal except, perhaps, his other annual extravaganza, "The Rites of the Giant Toad." How to convert a faculty child into a dirty old man in just one afternoon. (Mount Vesuvius.)

## MOVIES

**"Doctor Zhivago"** — A movie that is mostly settings with such actors as Sturgeon Roe, Charles Toad, and Bull Heaver drifting about in virtual unemployment. Winter shots, filmed in late May in Hamcol, New York, include a spectacular Cossak charge performed by Hamilton College freshmen.

**"Effective Handling of Holstein and Brown Swiss Breach Births"** — a beautifully photographed and strangly moving treatment of a somewhat delicate subject. With Elvira Weedsump, Horace Goad, and Elsie. In French. The Wampsville Odd Fellows Lodge.

## REVIVALS

**The Lavender Hill Mob** — The classic robbery that outdid all others. Jim Willis and Mathin Kay make off with half of Dunham's carpeting assets and then cleverly disguise them as a wall-to-wall rug in their Carnegie bathroom.

**How High the Aardvark** — A symbolic presentation in which by some magical transformation coffee grounds come to equal the death of God and life becomes a collage of Carmen Lombardo records played at the wrong speed. Also a mild detergent. Lance Boils returns as the punk. Mostly Tuesdays at Loew's Coliseum.

## ET ALIA

**Festival of the Egret Feathers** — American, French English, Oriental, Egyptian, and Clintonian egret feathers and objects of egret art, assembled by some eleven fraternity houses.

**The Annual Wurgis Bubble** — Sol Simbolstem once again assembles a furble in a drinzlecline marsy Unbeatable at the price.

**THE NEW CORKER,** published this once and never again by The New Corker Magazine, Inc., Clinton, New York 13323; Dave Rogers, editor; Alex Cruden, co-editor; H. Adam, H. Allen, T. Atkins, C. Bugbee, V. Chieffo, F. Ferraris, T. Fitzelle, J. Gordon, S. Havely, M. Kay, R. Kerr, N. McBride, J. Morgan, H. Ntaba, P. O'Rourke, G. Precourt, L. Smith, J. Spangler, S. Vickers, W. Welt, J. Willse — writing and editorial assistance; J. Belniak, C. Bonenti, D Irving, J. Kamuck, C. Stone, J. Suplee — artwork; G. Briggs, W. Brown, W. Kellerhals, P. Sayre, C. Woodward — photography; B. Thiele, D. Margolies, T. Rogers — advertising. Printed by Clinton Courier, Inc. This is the Humor Issue of the **Spectator,** published annually at Winter Carnival by the students of Hamilton College. It is intended in jest, and any implication of defamation of character is unintentional. Editor-in-Chief, Bruce W. Sanford.

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# The 7 loudest gripes against sports cars—and how the Mercedes-Benz 230SL squelches every one.

**Gripe 1: "Sports cars bound along like oxcarts!"**

If you were blindfolded and suddenly plopped into a 230SL, you'd never guess you were riding in a sports car. No banging and crashing over bumps—and you don't feel every tar-strip in the seat of your pants.

The 230SL's fully independent suspension takes much of the credit, but there are other factors: for one, the engine and front suspension are mounted on a separate sub-frame, *cushioned in rubber* where it joins the chassis.

The 230SL is not, however, a panty-waist. The car "can be cornered hard enough for the tires to howl in pouring rain," states *Autocar* magazine.

**Gripe 2: "Sports cars are too cramped for human habitation!"**

You can breathe easy in the 230SL. It has *more* shoulder room than the new Mercury Cougar. Somebody once came up with the somewhat astonishing fact that it provides more legroom than a certain Rolls-Royce.

The seats are closer to *armchairs* than to the typical sports-car "bucket." They wear well on long trips.

You don't punch your passenger in the leg every time you shift gears. You don't massage your head on the roof with the convertible top erected. A shrewdly designed little car.

**Gripe 3: "Sports cars fall apart before their time!"**

Among modern sports cars, the 230SL is built to be the last one into the junkyard.

"The body has that feeling of immense strength and rigidity which is exceptional for a sports car," reports *Autocar*. This body is welded into a rattle-free "unit" structure, fussily hand-finished, then armored with 20 pounds of primer before being painted with 20 pounds of enamel.

**NOTE:** In a rousing display of durability, a 230SL won the brutal Liége-Sofia-Liége Rally over some of Eastern Europe's foulest roads.

**Gripe 4: "You freeze in winter and sizzle in summer!"**

To make sure you don't, the 230SL carries 9 separate heating and ventilation controls. There are even two little nozzles to defrost the *side* windows on chill mornings.

When erected, the convertible top is as tight as a drum. No gaps. You can also order a metal hardtop. "It is so well engineered," states *Motor* magazine, "that it doesn't look as if it should come off at all." But it does, and easily.

**Gripe 5: "All that racket drives you nuts!"**

The 230SL's 2.3-liter, fuel-injected Six gets a bit noisy at around 120 mph. But in normal driving, you'll hear more wind than engine—and not much of that.

This single overhead camshaft engine doesn't tremble, even at 6500 rpm. Its smoothness is the result of canny design—and machining tolerances of 4 ten-thousandths of an inch.

**Gripe 6: "You need a full-time mechanic to keep the blasted things running!"**

The *blessed* thing about the 230SL is its use of many components already well proved in Mercedes-Benz passenger cars. Even fuel-injection systems are old-hat to Mercedes-Benz service departments, in the unlikely event that adjustments are needed.

Mercedes-Benz, after all, sells its cars in 158 different countries. And cantankerous behavior would rapidly lose the favor of Finns, Burmese, etc., etc.

**Gripe 7: "Sports cars make the driver work too hard!"**

You get more response from less effort with the 230SL than anything short of a GP machine. You don't twirl the wheel, you flick it. A tap on the power-assisted brakes produces quick, level stops.

If automation appeals to you, order a 4-speed *automatic* transmission to replace the standard manual 4-speed. It is slightly *quicker* in takeoff, and it can be shifted, manual-fashion, at your whim. Power steering is also available on special order. *Autocar* tried it, then said, "We have never tried a more successful power steering."

For squelching these gripes, Mercedes-Benz asks about $6343*. Remarkably few owners have been heard to gripe about that.

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*Suggested retail price, East and Gulf Coasts, P.O.E., 230SL Coupe, exclusive of transportation charges, optional equipment, state and local taxes, if any.

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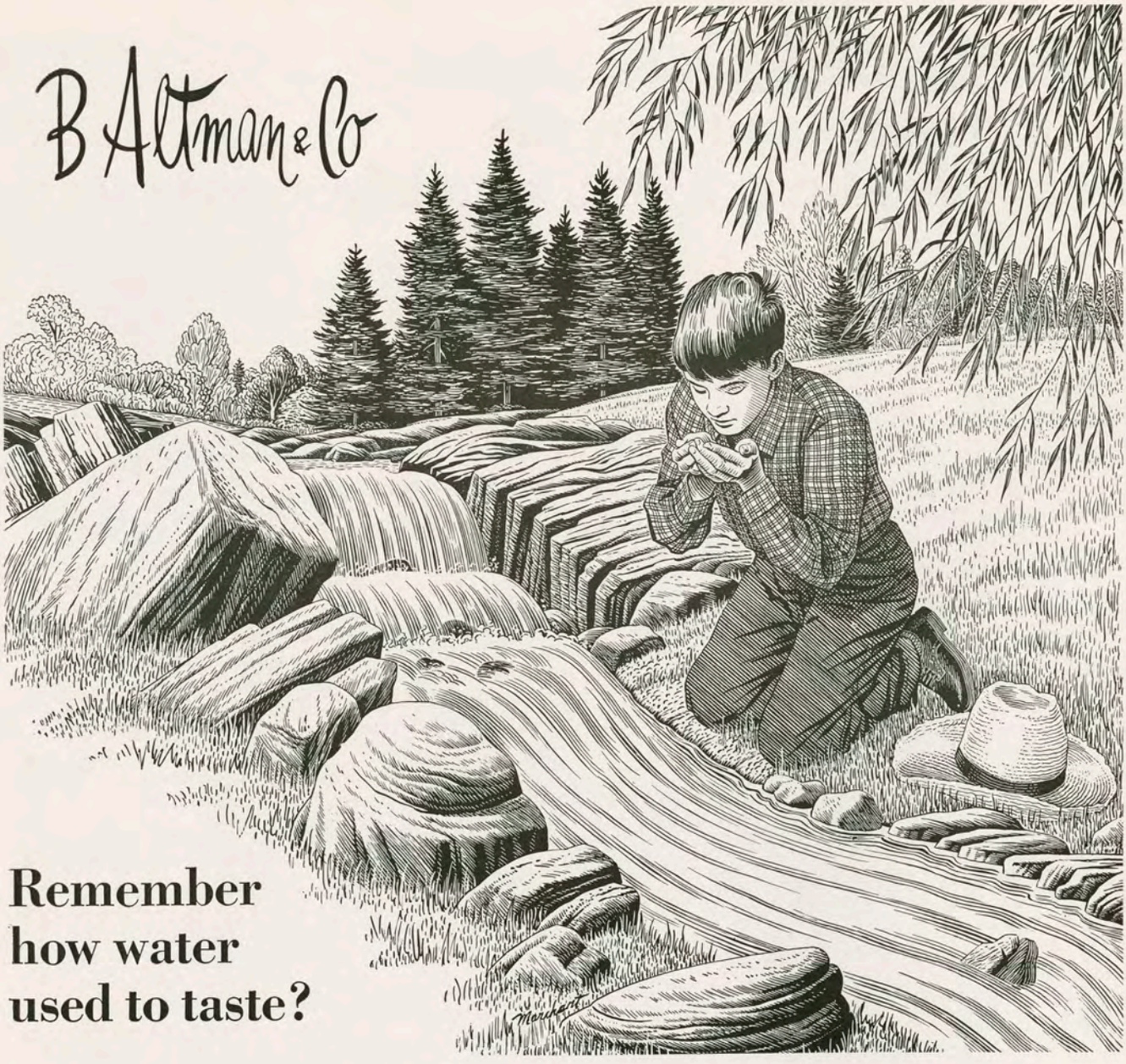

# Remember how water used to taste?

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8 half-gallon refrigerator bottles or 4 full gallons (no deposit, no return) delivered by the case anywhere in UPS area, 5.00. We will personalize orders for 3 cases of half gallons with your or a friend's name. Gallon jug fits our thermo-electric cooler that serves Branch Water or other beverages at 38° F in office, kitchen or bar; only 22½" high with gallon jug in place; AC, 69.95. Altman International Delicacies Shop, main floor Fifth Avenue, and branches.

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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Notes and comment*

OUR commentary is more the running sort than anything else, so now that we have the chance, we're short of words. During the past few days, we encountered former Dean Vertimer who asked us if we were feeling humorous. We said we were trying, only to get the answer, "Well, yuk it up." We thought we might pass that on.

LAST Wednesday afternoon, we stopped in at the Metropolitan to hear a lecture on the Arab religious holiday of Ramadan, a time of great fasting throughout the Mohammedan world. The speaker pointed out very carefully how many Arabs today avoid the fasting obligation by reversing their daily lives and eating at night when it is permitted. The audience of mostly vintage Sarah Lawrence types was much amused by the thought, until a weather-beaten old man rose to say he had just passed through a small town named Hamcol in northern New York, where something much like Ramadan was going on at that very moment.

Always interested in quaint, backward New York customs, we quickly left the Museum and traveled north, hoping we wouldn't be too late. After a difficult motor trip, we arrived the next afternoon in time to hear a local radio broadcast saying, 'Hamcol students in second day of fast." Now thoroughly intrigued, we hurriedly made our way to the campus snack bar to get a cup of tea and then mix with the students in our usual personable style.

As we waited for the waitress to replenish the lemon supply, we noticed a student next to us holding a tray stacked high with food. After the usual formalities, we discovered he was the well known campus figure, Geoff de LeCourt. Unable to restrain our curiosity any longer, we asked him why he was eating so much before dinner.

"I'm fasting," he said not batting an eye.

"You call that fasting," we replied with all our editorial prowess.

"Yes," he said. "About fifty of us students are fasting as a protest against this country's policy in Viet Nam."

The sight of all that food was beginning to make us hungry, but we bravely slipped another bag of sugar into our saucer and followed him to a table. "The money saved by our not eating at Commons or fraternities will go to the A.F.S.C. to help the victims of the war," he continued, now talking with his mouth full. We certainly agreed the cause was a noble one, but something seemed out of place. As Geoff plowed into his cherry pie, we knew what it was.

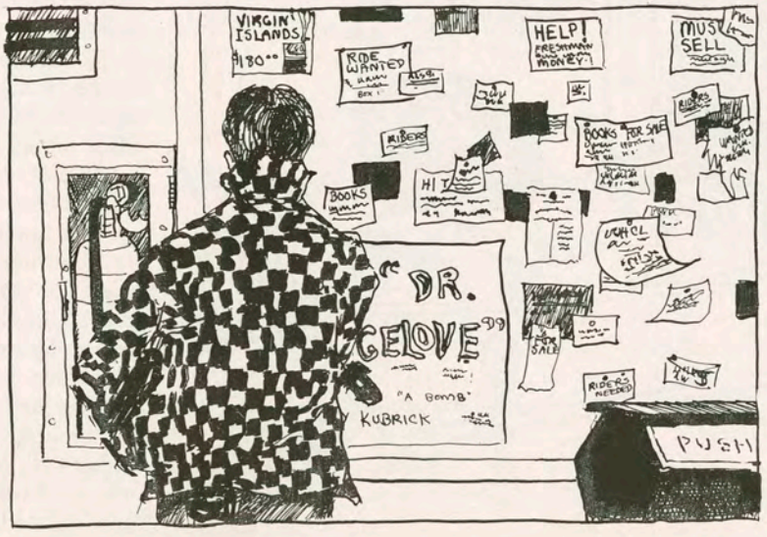
"But isn't your gift supposed to represent something more than money? Aren't you expected to make some sacrifice, to eat very little during the fast?" we asked.

"A fellow has got to keep body and soul together, you know," was the hurt reply. "And look around you, I'm not the only one."

We had to agree. All around us, noble looking souls were stuffing themselves with hamburgers and ice cream. We were still confused, though, but just as Geoff licked the last crumb into his mouth, it hit us. "Why don't you just take up a collection," we suggested.

"No, don't you see," he replied, a tone of impatience creeping into his voice between burps. "It's much cheaper this way because Saga and the houses and even the College has to foot part of the bill. And besides, you're missing the point; by fasting to raise the money, our gift and protest have greater personal meaning."

Once again, we had to agree. The Arabs have a word for it.




WE first heard of Hamilton's Little Theater on the Quad from our friend, Sylvia Sanders, whom you all know as a leading social figure in the upward reaches of the Mohawk Valley. We were trying to get a petal out of our editorial throat at one of her famous Summerwine parties, when she whispered an invitation in our ear. We understood the College to be a trifle dull but decided finally to gamble; when searching for creativity, one must always be willing to take a chance on what we like to

call the sway-back horse of fate. Happily, we were not disappointed by the crude festival production of *Alice in Wonderland* put on for a mixed audience of villagers, faculty children, and the members of the Biology Department, who, we were told, had never been permitted to come before as the programs were rarely pre-med oriented.

The lead role was played by young Melinda Bookstore, a sweet but very shy Alice. One Ethyl Comeon gave a stirring performance as the Queen, and her husband Harvey played a dry King. Richard Cooper was Comeon's White Rabbit, and he very ably ran about attending to her every whim and heralding her virtues. There was much tittering in the audience during Cooper's performance, for, as we learned, in real life he is her boss and she answers to him. Such little touches of dramatic irony add a delightful touch to summer college festivals.

A former Smithie, Ellie Vertimer starred as Ethyl's counterpart, the Duchess, and sang very well the delightful piece, "Speak harshly to your little boy/And beat him when he sneezes." A small red headed child in the audience told us "My old man taught her that song." Such charming little touches bear mentioning, we think.

A major highlight of the production was the Mad Hatter's Teaparty, which featured three members of the English department. George Nitbitt, whose daughter's wedding splashed unto the Times society page last winter, played the March Hare, Edwin Bareit was the Hatter, and young Ivan Malarki, the Dormouse. The entire scene was performed with marvellous relish. Whenever not talking, Bareit laughed hysterically, except during his touching rendition of "Twinkle, twinkle little bat." Not to be outdone, Nitbitt played his part to the full, smiling and enjoying all the fun as he repeatedly pushed Malarki back into the teapot.

The History department scored a *coup de force,* prancing out a lively Lobster Quadrille. Ed Li made an excellent Gryphon, pronouncing each Victorian sentiment with proper moral overtones, and the role of the Mock Turtle fitted Edgar Gaves, if we may, to a T. Whoever was responsible for that bit of casting deserves our congratulations. The easy naturalism of Gaves' performance as the old sea turtle was only rivaled by Robert Goof's part as the obnoxiously philosophical caterpillar. He delivered the famous line, *"Who are you,"* with perfect irritation.

During both intermissions entertainment was provided. Win Tooles and Gadley DePuke did a clever rendition of "You are Old, Father William," and later John Nattingly and Hubris Long came on with "The Walrus and the Carpenter," cleverly spiced with a a little soft shoe.

Sylvia had brought a flask of her Summerwine, so by the end of the performance, we were more than a little sleepy. Our last memory of the merry throng on the green was Gaves leading the entire company in a lively Lobster Quadrille.

A COPY of *The Tau Newsletter,* revived this year by Hamilton Dekes, fell into our hands recently. One article read:

The "little brothers" arrived on the Hill, had refreshments at the DKE house, went to see the games, returned to the house with their "big brothers" for a while and then went back to Marcy. It really was a treat for the "little brothers" and they really appreciated it. The next week in Tuesday Chapel Dean DePuy read a letter from Marcy expressing their appreciation and publicly congratulating the DKE house for its participation in something that probably would have fallen on deaf ears at other houses.

## *Estragon*

WHAT with all the hue, cry and din penetrating even these musty offices, we decided to venture out, securely wrapped in muffler and Chesterfield to investigate the noisy phenomenon reverberating from loft to coffeehouse in the winding streets of the older area of the city south of us. The phenomenon, we were told, was authored by one Vladimir Estragon, author of *Night of the Bi-Focal Contact Lenses,* latest entry in a long series of theatrical efforts that we hitherto classified under the heading of circling moths not yet fallen into the flames.

But file-folder labels be damned, we launched ourselves in a Yellow Cab for a journey down to Estragon's lodgings. We paused at the bottom of the four flights of stairs that faced us before we reached the address, steeping ourselves in the atmosphere of boiling cabbage and crusty, faded yellow walls illuminated by a bug-flecked, bare bulb. A dog with feverish yellow eyes stared ominously at us from the first floor landing. Reflecting that Charon might

not show up after all to ferry us across, we tentatively placed a foot on the first step of the sagging staircase. Then, thrilled with our own self-confidence, we ascended.

Breathless, we searched in vain for a doorbell when we reached Estragon's apartment on the fourth floor. After a moment of indecision we reminded ourselves that one can't make omelets if one is not willing to break a few eggs; we knocked. The door, as in some Charlie Chan movie that terrified us in our youth, swung open with the pressure of our knuckles, and the long lost voice of Chan's white - eyed valet advising "Feet – do yo duty" echoed in our somewhat apprehensive mind.

We strolled through a litter of mattresses, smashed roaches, pop-top rings, and a typewriter.

"Hello?" we queried.

A gruff voice rasped out from behind a closed door:

"I'm on the pot."

A quick mental re-visit to the Dictionary of American Slang illuminated the situation. Estragon was smoking maryjane, known in square circles as marijuana.

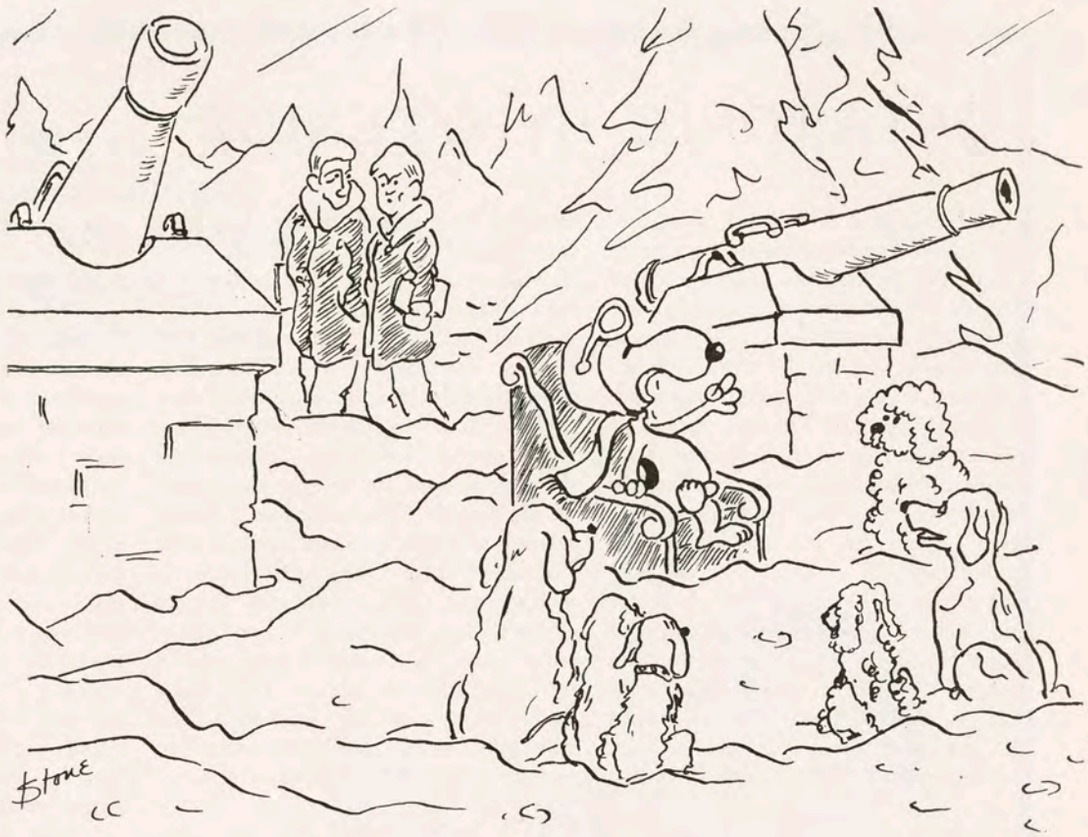
There followed the drawn-out sound of a poorly embouchered note on a brass trombone. We asked if Estragon were planning a musical sore for his next play.

"Depends what I have for dinner," Estragon replied, locked-on to some smoke-induced fantasy whose abstraction we envied but whose efficacy in the production of theatre we'd trekked down to talk to Estragon about.

We inquired how long it had been since Estragon's last production effort. He prefaced his answer with a series of grunts – we felt we were witnessing, aurally, at least, the monumental effort of an artist forging a new conscience for his race.

"Been about forty days," Estragon replied. "Terrible. Headaches all the time. Taking pills . . . nothing works."

Another wheezing grunt was followed by the same trombone sound we'd heard earlier, a hollow, reverberating sound, that reminded us of echoes of tile walls in the subway.




*Now that you mention it, he does look familiar.*

• •

"Useless . . . " Estragon said. "Hang on, I'll be right out."

But assaulted with a vision of this prophet staggering out of his studio with battered trombone in hand, and a cloud of marijuana smoke rising around him as in some pernicious Arab magic, a vision of a genie who would be a poor life-size spectacle serving only to shatter our memories of rubbed lamps in the literature of our childhood, we quietly backed out of Estragon's apartment, closed the door behind us, and tripped down the stairs with Indian stealth.

## *Good Tricks*

WHILE wandering through Bristol Plaza's division of Macy's we chanced upon a copy of Samuel Bobbitt's latest bestseller, *The Forty-Ninth Magician,* currently a rage among the younger set. We like to look at children's books every now and then to keep in touch with our times, and as we read Bobbitt's, we were struck by the perceptivity of its content. The story is about a little Prince named Sol Liverwurst, who likes to have people spend their time amusing him. Different magicians come to his court and play their tricks; many are familiar but a few are unusual. One named Jack Seltzer changes asphalt into grass and sometimes grass into mud. Another, named Cooper, talks for hours but says nothing at all, which is a good trick. But the Prince is not really happy until one day a young magician appears and bids the Prince follow him out into the fields surrounding the palace. There the Prince romps gaily but finally stops and asks what's the young man's trick?

"Well, these woods and pastures and brooks you see here are not really what they appear to be," the man replied. "They're a college for several hundred brilliant girls, all eager to learn and very happy in their isolated wilderness college."

The little Prince is confused, for all he sees are woods, and brooks and rivers, but as it is beginning to snow and he doesn't want to appear ignorant, he only says, "Now I see; that *is* a good trick."

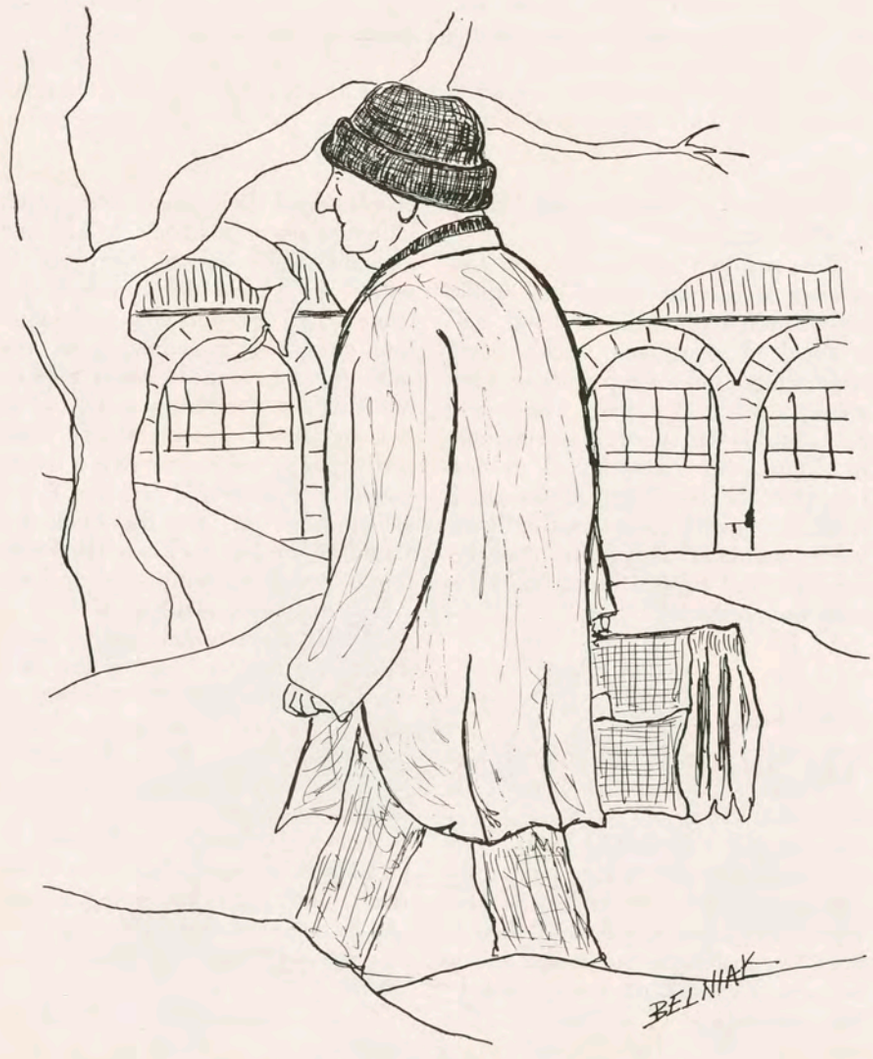
"You're damn right!" says the young magician.

We think so too.

# OUR LADY OF THE CATATONIC HYPOTENUSE

CALLIOPE half-reclined along her mauve-and-beige chaise lounge in a languid, feline, yet unreciprocated attitude of anticipatory concupiscence (perhaps) or perhaps simple nausea, occasionally jiggling the surface of her steaming Yuban with a red fingernail. A ghastly pseudo-Tiffany cameo of Gadley, in a hue of chalk sherbet, so it seemed, emblazoned her pronounced decolletage. Oh, yes, it was too much, really. Some red gaseous bubble intruded into her abdominalia was jiggling the brew that, some boorish doctor had once told her, fed some loathsome snake called the upper intestine. She imagined the upper intestine as looking like one of those bloated worms left out on the sidewalk after a rain, and this made her feel worse. The room became fragmented before her eyes into ragged splotchy squibs of color that made her think of early Kandinsky. Oh yes, too much.

"Hello, Calliope." It was Gadley. Gadley was sweet but, Calliope had often thought, a trifle ingenuous. Yet, perhaps that was not the word. There was always something unsure, it seemed, around his eye or the corner of the mouth. Once she had felt she wanted to soothe him and comfort him. But those days (they both knew so well) were past. Now he seldom evinced anything more in her than a stifled yawn. She yawned involuntarily now and the bubble of indigestion found its way out of her insides. She was embarrassed, but Gadley pretended not to notice. He was always sweet about that sort of thing, what he didn't notice. But did he? You never knew about Gadley.




*One, Two, Three, That's how easy . . .*

Gadley offered her a smoke, a peace pipe. Dear Gadley, only he could possibly have such a thing. The tobacco must have been cured in a hospital. She choked back a mouthful of raunchy antiseptic steam, and the Kandinsky room changed to Pollack.

"Hello, Gadley," she replied.

Gadley's mouth twitched in response. His unspoken gratitude was so touching that she felt a pang of unguarded remorse. What might once have been a stifled sob was translated by mysterious metempsychosis into a half-suppressed belch. Oh yes, too, too much. She felt urgently that her precarious intestinal equilibrium was on the verge . . . She closed her eyes and tried to think of fat worms on sidewalks . . . and she felt her insides heave — but no, she must not, it was the one thing Gadley could not bear, *could not bear*. No eructation before Gadley, ever. Dear Gadley, and his funny ways. Oh, if only he knew!

"That's a pretty dress," said Gadley. But false, it was a horrid, horrid dress and he knew it. Why was he afraid, always, to tell her what he really felt? She stretched out on the lounge in misery, hopeless frustration. He had never, really, showed her what he was like. Perhaps he was incapable of doing so. Gadley, Gadley . . . years before, among the ebullient Fauvists, when he had turned towards her . . . and she had felt . . . and known . . . and then she had sneezed, and maybe thrown up a little. "Calliope," he had said, tears welling in his eyes, "Calliope, that was unworthy of you." He would never again turn to her without a wary look in his eye.

"Thank you," she said.

Sneezing. Oh what nonsense it all was. Thank you. What did she have to thank him for, that he should have acted so beastly because of a mere proboscal or even visceral twitch? Yes, and that, oh awful, that had started again. And Gadley, despite appearances, would surely notice everything, he would know what was happening.

"Why don't you take a drink of water?" asked Gadley.

She opened her eyes and saw him towering lankily above her, nervous and trying to think up a way to leave so he could pretend not to notice anything. He shifted his feet in the vermillion Bigelow and reknotted his puce paisley with exaggerated aplomb. How miserable it was to be caught here, in this wretched chic-ish clique-ish maga-

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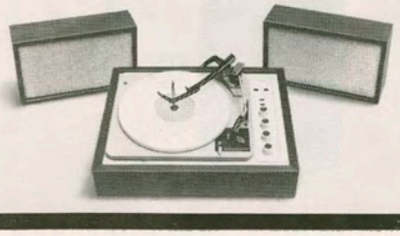

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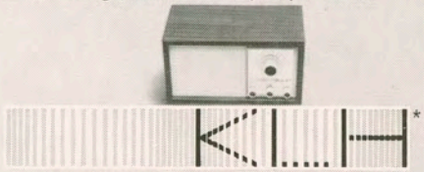

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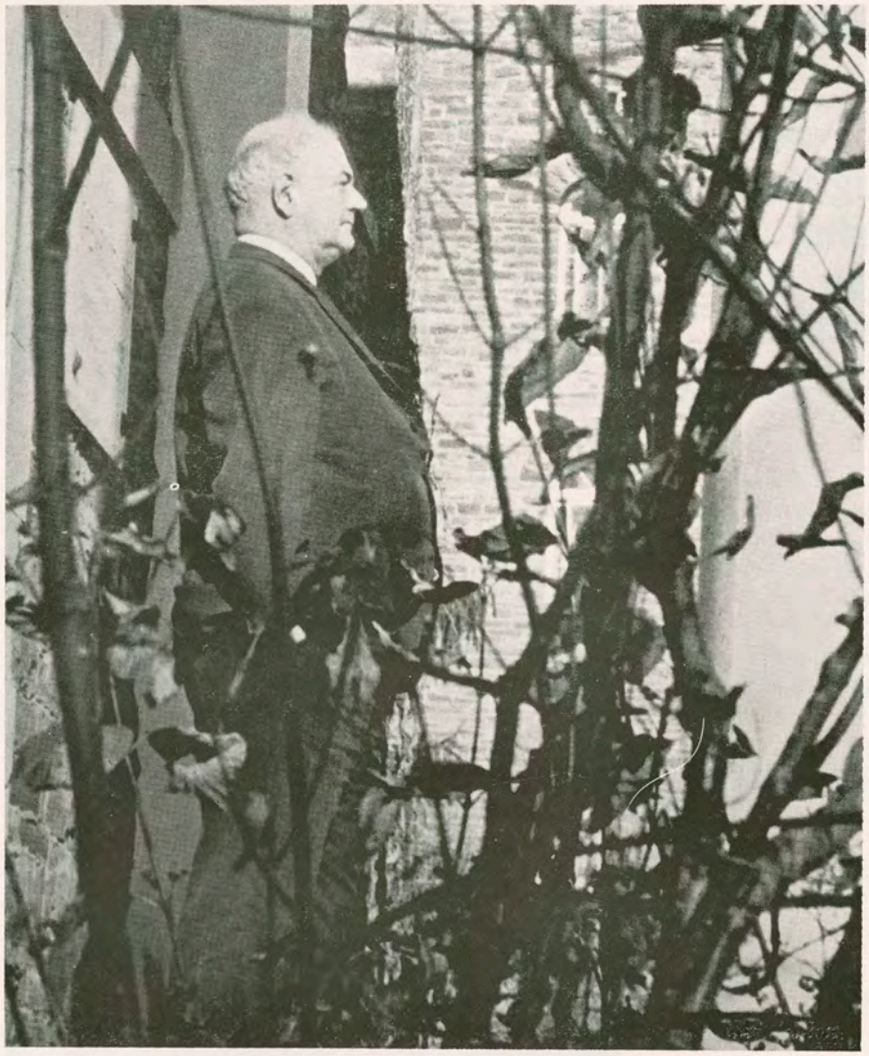

WHEN SPRINGTIME COMES to the hollow, it's time to put aside our desk chores and lumber on back to our country still.

Ole Jack L. puts up a new shack and Walt P. burns a few books to warm things, and we settle down to a busy afternoon of rest. Jack Hamilton Country, unchanged in over 150 years.

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zine story of a life, where nothing goes anywhere, where nothing ever becomes of anything! How miserable to be caught here, forced to quiver in response to Gadley's palpitations. Somewhere in his hemmings and hedgings was perhaps the message that said that none of this mattered, that none had ever mattered, that there were still places to go away to . . . but she did not know the message or its code, and the space between them had become a chasm, an abyss as deep *and* black as her deep, dark Yuban which she now spilled distractedly down her deep, dark decolletage. Gadley stumbled or lunged forward — one could never tell which — to help wipe away the coffee stains. "Hands off, Gadley!" she almost blurted out, and involuntarily jerked away from his grasp. He righted himself uneasily, wincing with embarrasment.

"No — hic — thank you," she answered.

And that was the last word, the last, terrible word wrenched from her will, the word beyond which was nothing, and even that was ridiculed. Gadley stood, dumbfounded, nonplussed, with nothing at all to say. Somewhere behind all this was sincerity, meaning, and perhaps reconciliation. But of course none of that would ever be in this horrid slick magazine story, this wretched, abysmally affected tearless tear-jerker of a magazine short story, this ineffably vapid and tedious and pointless short story from some slickly tedious dull society journal, of life. For them would never be any meaning but the chaotic muggery of the absurd little story they now were dancing through. Submerged in something too shallow for tears, she closed her eyes once more and gave herself up to a yawn and an inescapable belch. There could be nothing more. They were annihilated.

"Well, I have to go," said Gadley.

And he did, now, and he left, tottering awkwardly out the door. The wings of ennui closed over her, they would open no more. She wiped her nose and suffered another resurgence of nausea.

"Good-bye" said Calliope to Gadley. Their meeting had been a cloudburst, and the fat worms were coming out onto the sidewalks in droves, and getting squished underfoot. She cried.

Isaac Bickerstaff

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Just the same, you will be careful, won't you?

# PROFILES

## *Allen Ginsberg*

ALLEN GINSBERG, it turns out, is a most likeable fellow. Not a bit like Ralph, of *Eros* and *Fact* infamy. The one is a contemporary American poet, dedicated to the pursuit of truth by consciousness expansion, the other, in the opinion of the author, a louse.

In a recent conversation with the poet, we talked about New York, and things. "New York, why I love it!" said Mr. Ginsberg. "Who knows but that all that bad air might expand your consciousness!" We had our little talk in an Italian restaurant on 42nd Street, a place I often frequent. Let me describe our meeting.

We met about five o'clock, and because I knew the maitre d', Mr. Ginsberg's blue work shirt and Mantra Yogi rope sandles created almost no disturbance. "This little Italian restaurant, why I love it! Who knows but that all these red and white checkered table cloths might expand your consciousness!" commented the poet. We enjoyed a quiet meal, followed by a liqueur for me and a few smokes for Mr. Ginsberg. This seemed to relax him, and the conversation became, well, you might say, more expansive. I began by asking him just when the thought struck him that he might write poetry. To this he replied, in almost a whisper, "At the far end of the universe the million-eyed spider that hath no name spinneth of itself endlessly." I answered yes, that probably was so, and continued by asking him what he thought of the California system of state-supported universities. "Endless cycles of conflict happening in nothingness makes it impossible to grasp for the perfection which does not exist but is not necessary, so everything is final and occurs over and over again till we finally blank out as expected."

All creative people need emotional outbursts every so often; their heightened sensitivities often create such great internal pressures that these pressures must be released. I have noticed this while chatting with opera singers, painters, composers, and now a poet. Thinking the pressure to have been released, I asked Mr. Ginsberg if he were planning any lecture tours in the near future. "Joke being slips into nothing like the tail of a lizard disappearing into a crack in the wall with the final receeding eyehole ending Loony Tunes accompanied by Woody Woodpecker's hindoo maniac laughter in the skull," said Mr. Ginsberg. He was still tense.

After this, I decided to keep quiet until he was ready to converse. The silence lasted about three and a half hours; I read and reread the menu, Mr. Ginsberg sat quite still, with a breadstick in his left ear, gazing into the candle. Finally he removed the breadstick, ate it, extinguished the candle, grabbed my tie, pulled me across the table, and announced, "Let's split."

Fresh air is often very necessary to creative people, and for the sake of our conversation, I was glad to see, once again, the bustling crowd and bright lights of 42nd Street. I felt that now was the time to resume my questioning of this great American poet; I asked him to describe some of the exciting moments of his recent lecture and information-gathering tour of India. "What's that? India, yes, yes, I did go to that place, didn't I? Just a moment, I'll get a cab." One of 42nd Street's many taxis pulled over as Mr. Ginsberg raised a finger; he opened the rear door, and motioned, with the same finger, for me to enter first. This did not seem unusual, for many creative people that I have talked to are very polite. As I began to enter the car, the great American poet raised his right foot and gave me a kick that sent me sprawling into the taxi. He then slammed the door and ran down the sidewalk, knocking down many of the busy shoppers that are often seen along 42nd Street. I decided not to pursue him, since he was probably very tired, and would rather have continued the interview at some other time. I had the driver take me to my apartment, and, as I leafed through my collection of Norman Rockwell prints, I decided to see the poet again, soon.

Another meeting was arranged, this coming about a week after our first conversation. Mr. Ginsberg, on the telephone, said that it would be most convenient if I could meet him on the half-way point of the Tappan Zee Bridge. This did not surprise me; many creative people I have known have liked bridges. At four a.m., the appointed time, I arrived at the half-way mark. The poet was already there. "These bridges, I love them! Who knows but that all this height might expand your consciousness!" We sat on one of the rails that defined the edge of the bridge. Traffic was light, and we let our feet dangle in the air. I couldn't help thinking just how great a thing man is, man, the thinking animal who with his reason dominates all the stronger animals. A puma can run faster, an elephant can pull a greater load, an otter can swim faster. But man, only man could have created the Tappan Zee Bridge, only we can make poems!

"Isn't the water pretty?" said Mr. Ginsberg. "Yes," I sighed. Remembering I had a job to do, I asked my companion if he were working on any new poems. He leaned over the edge, spit,

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and when he could no longer watch the path of the descending expectoration, turned to me and said, "Did you see that? That is my poem. This bridge is my poem. You are my poem. Do you understand?" "No," I said. Mr. Ginsberg turned his gaze from the water below, touched my elbow, and said, looking directly into my eyes, "Then crap on you."

This ended conversation for a while. Still wanting to draw this great person out, I asked "Who is your favorite American poet?" Kicking off his left shoe, and watching this drop away into space, he said "Robert Frost." I must have looked surprised, for he added, "Tell me, have you ever *really* read 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening'? That guy Frost knew about it. 'The woods are lovely, dark, and deep.' Screw me, but that guy Frost knew about it!" With this, the poet dropped his other shoe over the side. "Robert Frost," he repeated. He was crying.

The sun was just beginning to rise over the great slumbering giant that is New York early in the morning. "Will you have a sugar cube?" asked the poet. I answered that it was just about time for my yearly dental check-up, and so I had better not. Mr. Ginsberg produced an already-unwrapped cube and began to suck it. I began to speak, but he motioned for silence. When a poet gets an inspiration that will later take the form of what we have come to call a poem, it is best that he be left alone.

Finally this son of the Muses turned to me, then stood up, staring down at the top of my head. I was glad that he was ready to finish our interview, for traffic was quite heavy by this time, and it was beginning to rain. "Have you ever considered trying a novel?" I asked. Grabbing my right ear, Mr. Ginsberg replied, "Aarrrrrggghhhhh! Zoommm, nooo!" He was pulling quite hard, and so I removed his hand, standing up. "Then maybe a play?" I continued, not wanting to end the interview. "It floats, it floats, it makes me vomit! It creeps and undulates beneath the sea, it feels like cryptozooids! It's coming to take over the city! They must be warned! It's my fault!"

With this the poet flagged down a car, broke off its antenna, and when the driver, a fat man of about forty, got out to see what was happening, Mr. Ginsberg began whipping him with the antenna. The man began running away, the poet got into his abandoned car and screeched away, toward the city. I could tell that another interview had ended, and so I began walking toward the far-off toll booth, wet, with my ear still hurting where the over-zealous poet had just recently pulled it. As my steps took me closer and closer to New York, I thought of the greengrocer, arranging his cucumbers, of the junkman, collecting his junk, of the businessman stepping nimbly to his office, and of Allen Ginsberg, somewhere out there, making his poems.

FRED TURTLE

# ON A GALA NEW YEARS INDEED

Maureen had ordered the lobster —
said "There'll be enough here for a mob, sir" —
And on her way out she had taken to flout
All the dust from the chartreuse armchair;
The toothpicks were out to be silvered
(through the foresight of our favorite Mildred),
And clams were there too, but the vodka was blue
(what a prank by our darling girl Hilda)!
The "welcome" at the door was in *francaise,*
And the salad planned specially for mayonnaise,
For Nicholai caviar, and curry for Rhar,
And for Madam, of course, there was duck, glazed.
Gay Hubert knocked a little too soon,
But sweet Linda came next, with her groom;
Bobby, then Bob, oh truly a mob
As dear Lyndon danced light through the room!
Ah! A party to finish the season;
So giddy we were it was treason!
But we in D. C. know the pain's overseas
So why pout, y'all, without reason?

—OGDEN CRASS

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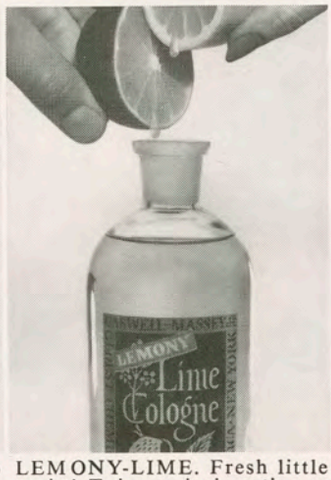


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**1**

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*And I was just trying to figure out how long we'll have to save to send little Nelson to college.*

**2**

*How does it look?*

*The way I figure it, we'll have enough money by the time Nels is 41.*

**3**

*That's ridiculous.*

*It'll make him a little older than his classmates.*

**4**

*He'll be old enough to be their father.*

*They say it's never too late to learn.*

**5**

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*It would ruin our plans.*

**6**

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# LETTER FROM ORISKANY FALLS

THE COUNTESS and I are sitting on the curb of the hotel's terrace, sipping our cabinet-aged Carlings and meditating on the events of the past week. The furor over the meat-slicer incident appears to have largely died out, although there are rumblings in the form of conversations at the Legion Post and, oddly enough, over the hogs at the Falls Custom Slaughter House. Now, as the remaining rays of the sun filter through the telephone poles, the dusk is quiet save for the sound of the hair clippers at the barbershop and of the mushrooms growing, slowly but insistently, in Esther Jock's cellar. The Countess yawns, daintily lifts her pink Capezio to avoid a passing manure spreader, and mumbles something about Catholics. Poor dear, it is difficult for her to adjust to the quickened tempo of Oriskany Falls after the comparative quiet of Deansboro, even though Deansboro has yet to recover completely from last year's Chicken-feed Scandal. She rises gracefully . . . always gracefully . . . and extricates her foot from a sewer grating, joining me as I stroll down the promenade (how delicate are the setting sun's reflections in the gas pumps in front of Fred Gerow's truck stop) and into Appleby's.

One cannot say enough about Appleby's. Their kielbasa *au flambeau* is peerless, and their muskrat with *mole* sauce is superb. The wine steward Harry, has available a few choice bottles of Chateau Latife Rothschild but recommends his own private stock, a delicate mixture of Irish Rose and Ronson's Lighter Fluid. Tonight we

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Now just think of what would happen if a man like you started wearing a scent like essence of DKE. Now in Clinton in a Cologne, 4.50, an After Game, but no Soap.

DKE

order generous portions of merdeburgers *nicoise,* and as we wait, we discuss the oddities of living in a strange and wonderful city, as strange and wonderful as life itself.

Fashions for the Oriskany Fallsian are second in importance only to pinochle. Since we have been domiciled in our digs above the First National Bank and Hardware Store, we have noticed that the trend among the men is away from continental galoshes and to high black sneakers, usually U. S. Keds. Alice Pincus received some long stares the first time she wore her new mini-skirt in public, but now most residents are accustomed to seeing skirts, and occasionally pants, three inches below the knees. (Most of the initial horror engendered by the accusation that Miss Pincus sold her body has abated since it was learned that she sold it to the Syracuse University medical school.) Also on the fashion front has been the swing among several of the younger men to the use of handkerchiefs.

Besides the meat-slicer incident, about which enough has been written, the main sources of discussion have been the use of imported furniture in the VFW games room and the controversial firing of lovable friendly old Pops Burbank from his school crossing post for selling several lovable, friendly small brown cigarettes to the children. Harold Clemens had a new water heater installed last Tuesday. Ralph Crawford was considering changing his name to Czyprina but was dissuaded by Elmont Titsworth.

And so the Countess and I sit here, idly eating green olives *sans* pits and ruminating on the events that alter and illuminate our times. There are 238 stories in naked Oriskany Falls, and next week's letter will recount the night that Willse fed the ham hocks to the cash register in the Falls Hotel.

—Jules

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# after sex

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

GOD, but ours is a wonderful city! Often strange, sometimes ridiculous, but always that undefinable mixture of funny-sad and happy-glad that is life itself. Life in the flesh you might say. One must only stroll down 42nd Street to realize that beneath the vast, seemingly unrelated collage of seething sense stimuli lies a great all-encompassing order.

Three movies have just recently premiered side by side on 42nd Street, three movies with different directors, different actors, different plots, but, like the great city, and like life, all the same. There is a lesson to be learned.

Playing now at The Subterranean, The Oatmeal, and The Gigolo respectively are Andy Warhol's *Empire,* Walt Disney's *Bambi,* and Clarence Bluflik's *Sally Does It With Public Utilities.* All are must-sees. Think of it! All to be seen within a few feet of each other, the moving true-to-life drama of the great unmoving Empire State building, the heart rending story of the birth, growth, suffering, and eventual self-realization of a small deer, and the hard-hitting, anatomical epic of the small town girl who goes to the big city to make it, makes it, and then makes making it pay.

One enters The Subterranean and for the next 37 hours is enraptured and captivated by Warhol's masterful and imaginative interpretation of a building which, like many contemporary great things, is often ignored. He has used the resources of the celluloid medium to effectively define the building's tallness, roofness, floorness, graniteness, stoicism, and unrelenting honesty. One comes away, finally, saying to himself, "Yes, there is a building that *is* a building. That is what being a building is all about." The viewer feels strange when it is all over, strange but somehow better inside himself, better and a little bit closer to understanding that complex, difficult animal, man.

Disney, of course, has done it again, this time all over a new wide-screen. A recent invention of his studio combines fucia-tinted film with a continuous sound backdrop of Johnny Ray's "Crying" and special seat-contained rectal stimulators — an experience in total cinema called Nostalgiascope. Disney's latest effort cannot fail but to touch us all. Yes, we see a deer in a forest. But deep down inside we somehow know that this deer is not just a deer, but basically an animal, symbolizing animals everywhere; and the forest where he gambols is not just so much earth with trees and plants growing, but rather a microcosm of some larger macrocosm, somewhere. Bambi's mother leads him to a placid clover-patch, bids him nibble, and just when he is most happy and secure, runs away from him forever. The viewer sits up with a start and says, "My God, that has happened to me!"

The Gigolo Theatre, now running Bluflik's latest effusion, is perhaps most noted for the size and activity of its legal department. *Sally Does It With Public Utilities* will not let this department fall into sloth, and this is somehow an evil comment upon the undercurrent of filth, slime, and disgustingly wretched garbage - mindedness that flows just below the surface of what is apparently a normally healthy moviegoing public. To correctly interpret this film, one must know about art. In this movie, like in art, things are not what they seem. Lily Sincere, spectacular as Bluflik's Sally, is not merely another girl in the city doing what most girls in the city must do to stay in the city. No, viewer, she is so much more than that. Enacted before your ever-ready-to-take-it-the-wrong-way eyes is a ritual so basic to man that it is almost essential to the perpetuation of life itself as we know it. Look deeper than the vivid color, see through the artificial cinematic techniques of zoom lense, and arrive at the level of raw art.

Yes, the great city has provided it again. Make it to 42nd Street, see *Empire, Bambi,* and *Sally etc.* See them, see into them. You will be richly rewarded with a verbal prefiguring of the world itself, which is so very much a part of your own life. Three movies all on the same colosally vital continuum: learn how to grow and remain straight and tall, the lesson of *Empire;* how to keep your head no matter what situation you may find yourself thrust into, this gleaned from *Bambi,* and, finally the message of *Sally, etc.,* how to get beneath artificially contrived social obstrepancies and into the heart of true necessities.

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# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

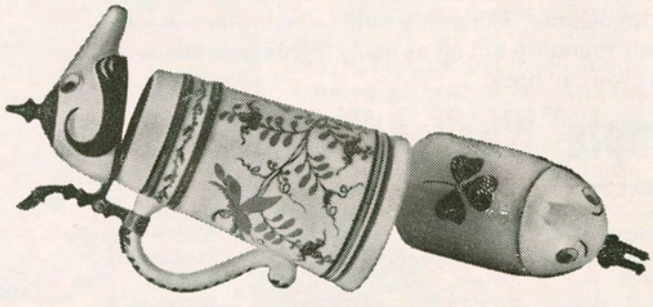
PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES, by Bill Earnsome (Harcourt, Grace, and Pureheart). The second book in the autobiographical series, a sequel to *Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, and Reverent.* Like his first book, this volume consists of close to 300 pages, none of them with printing. As before, the dust jacket is pure white with no lettering, and upon opening the book the reader is greeted with the scent of anti-bacterial soap. The technique is engaging albeit a trifle redundant: recreate the pure and morally sanitary atmosphere of the youth's initial years by removing all sense data from the pages. This time, however, something new has been added – page numbers. Thus by reading the number on each blank page (which, incidentally, proceed in order) we are carried forward in the emotional heat of a numerical progression. We look forward to the third book in the series, which we are told will relate Earnsome's battle with the Evil and will be printed with lemon juice on black paper.

SUPERFINCH MEETS THE LAUGHING PEOPLE, by Gerald McBoingboing, (Ame Publishers and Carwash). Another in the series of the adventures of Superfinch, the half-man, half-bird whose discovery of the Shazaam Boiled Egg has endowed him with mystic powers.

Disguised as mild-mannered Chanting B. Leecherson, Superfinch, who has seven cousins in Europe and Africa, has been promoted to professor of international relations. In spite of his promotion and the success of his text, *Government Is Difficult To Define,* Leecherson finds the dignity of his position threatened by the Laughing People, led by The Laugher, an arch-villain who undermines the strength of the academe by refusing to take it seriously.

Leecherson has heard rumors that The Laugher has been having the feared "Good Time" and, when he seems about to graduate by passing Leecherson's course, the professor decides that this is a job for the Finch of Steel. Darting into a convenient pay toilet, he utters the mystic "Golly" and, transformed into a towering bird

"Thank goodness
you opened to this page.
We were suffocating in here."



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with a tweed cape, flies out the window to his secret haunt. Putting into play his famed Myopiavision, Superfinch perceives that the way to defeat The Laugher is to employ his super power of Passorfail, a power which enables the Giant Bird to flunk The Laugher out of college without giving a reason. Thus Laugher is eliminated and Superfinch's identity as a professor and spokesman for the wrist-on-forehead political analysts is preserved.

Politics and the Campus Press by Bruce Blandford (Scribblers'). This, Blandford's second book, seems to pick up where his first, a rather rambling but precociously charming autobiography entitled *Who's Bruce Blandford,* left off. *Politics and the Campus Press* deals chiefly with Blandford's own experiences as editor of the widely respected *Exploiter*. Here he lays bare the fascinating workings of "the shifting quicksands" of campus affairs and how through repeated statement of the obvious and overpowering verbiage he was able to direct them to his own ends.

The most interesting passages of the book are those describing Blandford's attempt, with Mike Languid, to fill the political vacuum created by the sudden departure of the famous Triumverate. For five months Languid and Blandford with their junior partner Gadley DePuke exercise an iron hold upon a small community of 800 students, lost in the midst of central New York's tundra. Terrifying reading.

From an editorial on the Bristol Campus Gallery in the Hamilton College *Spectator*:

> Merit goes to the art department for procuring and hanging the paintings, and to the director Ronald Loomis for letting them hang there.
>
> —*Flattery will get you nowhere.*

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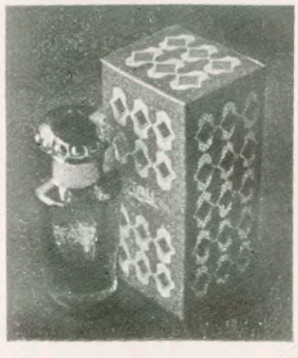

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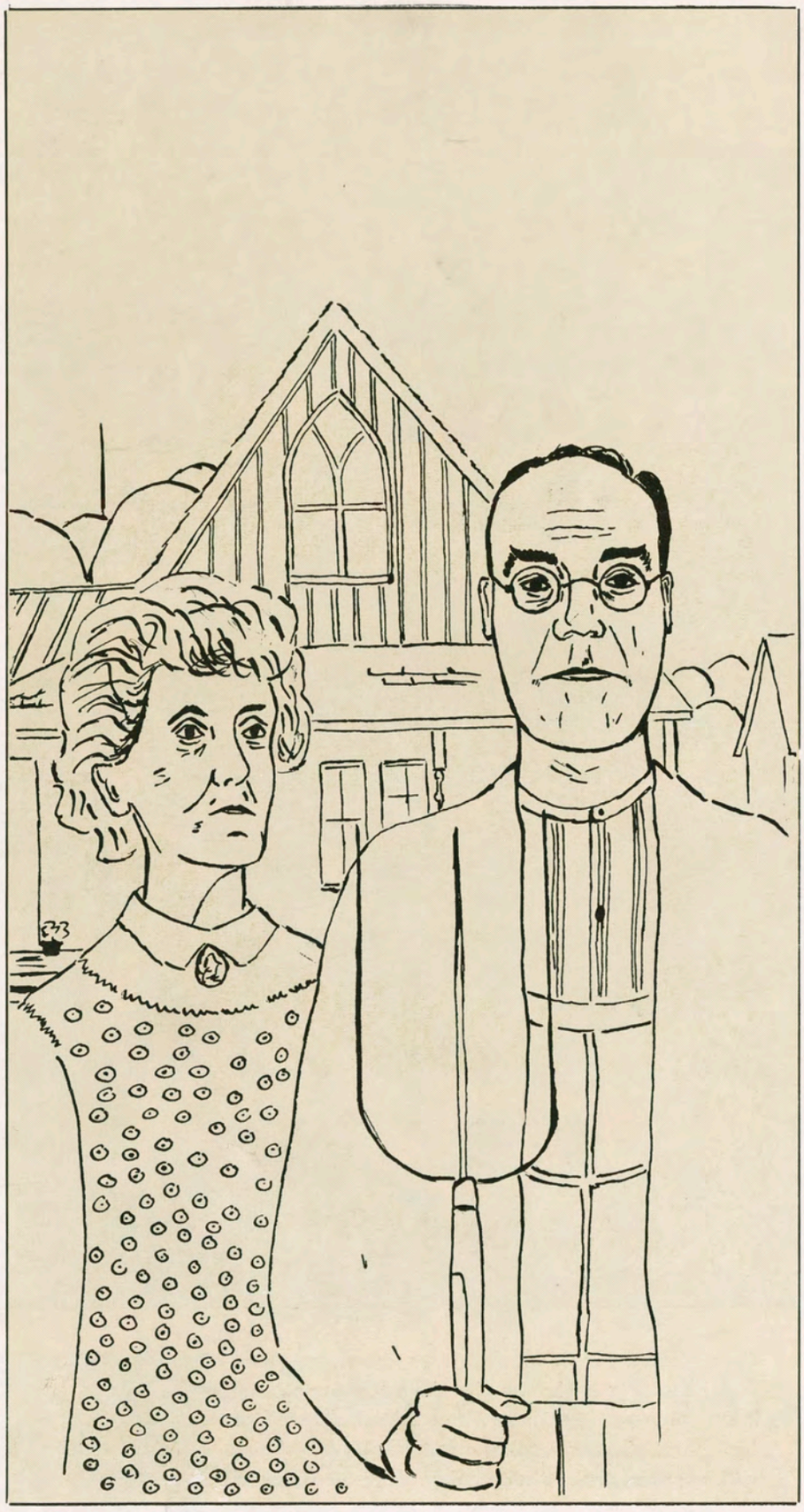

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